Foole. Let me hire him too, heer's my coxcombe.
Lear. How now my prety knaue, how do'ſt thou?
Foole. Sirra, you were beſt take my coxcombe.
Kent. Why Foole?
Foole. Why for taking on's part, that's out of fauour, nay and thou can'ſt not ſmile as the wind ſits, thou't catch cold ſhortly, there take my coxcombe; why this fellow hath baniſht two on's daughters, and done the third a bleſſing againſt his will, if thou follow him, thou muſt needs weare my coxcombe, how now nuncle, would I had two coxcombes, and two daughters.
Lear. Why my boy?
Foole. If I gaue them any liuing, id'e keepe my coxcombs my ſelfe, ther's mine, beg another of thy daughters.
Lear. Take heede ſirra, the whip.
Foole. Truth is a dog that muſt to kenell, hee muſt bee whipt out, when Ladie oth'e brach may ſtand by the fire and ſtincke.
Lear. A peſtilent gull to mee.
Foole. Sirra ile teach thee a ſpeech. *Lear.* Doe.
Foole. Marke it vncle, haue more then thou ſheweſt, ſpeake leſſe then thou knoweſt, lend leſſe then thou oweſt, ride more then thou goeſt, learne more then thou troweſt, ſet leſſe then thou throweſt, leaue thy drinke and thy whore, and keepe in a doore, and thou ſhalt haue more, then two tens to a ſcore.
Lear. This is nothing foole.
Foole. Then like the breath of an vnfeed Lawyer, you gaue me nothing for't, can you make no vſe of nothing vncle?
Lear. Why no boy, nothing can be made out of nothing.
Foole. Preethe tell him ſo much the rent of his land comes to, he will not beleeue a foole.
Lear. A bitter foole.
Foole. Doo'ſt know the difference my boy, betweene a bitter foole, and a ſweete foole.
Lear. No lad, teach mee.
Foole. That Lord that counſail'd thee to giue away thy land,
Come place him heere by mee, doe thou for him ſtand,
The ſweet and bitter foole will preſently appeare,
The one in motley here, the other found out there.
Lear. Do'ſt thou call mee foole boy?

Foole.